

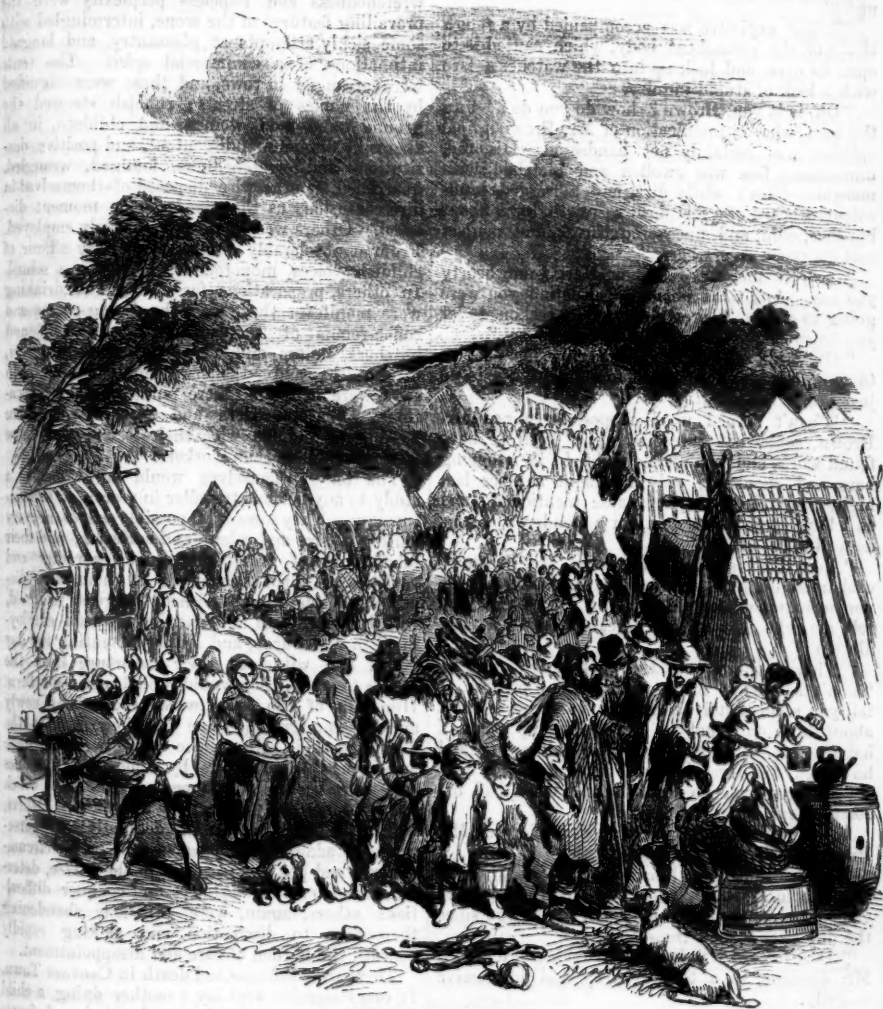
# THE LEISURE HOUR.

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VIEW OF CANVAS TOWN.

FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER II.  
CANVAS TOWN.

A LITTLE man, under thirty years of age, and wearing a shabby frock-coat, lay dozing stretched  
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on the side of a sandy road within half a mile's walk of Melbourne. The time was about noon, or rather past, and the sun was striking fiercely on the slumberer, by the side of whose head was a half-empty, foul meerschaum pipe, which seemed

to have fallen from the man's mouth as he dropped off to sleep: a supposition which was confirmed to another, who stood by, watching him with an expression of contempt on his countenance, by the motion of the sleeper's lips, which moved and sucked and puffed with perseverance and regularity. He was probably dreaming. We have often seen an infant thus enjoying, in fond imagination, its natural sustenance. May-be the same idea crossed the mind of the watcher, who expressed his opinion in no very complimentary terms:—

"Pretty babby! pretty babby! Ugly babby: ugh!"

The last expletive was accompanied by a rough shake of the recumbent body, which caused it to open its eyes and look up into the watcher's face with a look of stupid inquiry.

"Oh, is it you, Brown? how do you do?" said the man, who, in justification of Mr. Brown's final opinion, was certainly not handsome. His red, unmeaning face was swollen and blotched with mosquito bites; while dirt, and a ragged sand-coloured beard of a fortnight's growth, hung about his face, chin, and uncovered throat, and neglect was apparent everywhere.

"Yes, 'tis me, Mr. Jenkins. Here I am, hearty you see. And what about the situation you were going to get? A pretty easy one I reckon, to let you be snoozing in the sun this time o' day."

"Oh," said Mr. Jenkins, changing his posture to a sitting one; "I hav'n't found anything to do just yet."

"I 'asn't turned up, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Brown, somewhat sarcastically. "Well, I have found work, and hav'n't no right to be stopping here, and shouldn't, only I was at a place last night where I heard your name mentioned; and as I have come across you, for a wonder, you may as well know of it."

"You don't say so! My name, Mr. Brown?" exclaimed Jenkins, starting to his feet. "Some person inquiring for me, did you say? Can you tell me who it was? Whereabouts was it, Mr. Brown?"

"There! there!" said the other impatiently, "don't ask me so many questions in a breath. I tell you plain that I dunno who 'twas, nor nought about him, only that he caught me up when I happened to say I was a-board the 'Alligator'; and he asked me straight out, did I know a pair o' passengers name o' Jenkins, and what had become o' 'em."

"And you told him; of course you told him, Mr. Brown?" said the man, imploringly.

"How could I tell him what I didn't know?" Mr. Brown asked. "How was I to know where you was to be found when I hadn't seen you since the day after we left the ship?"

"Dear! dear! Oh how unfortunate!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, in a tone of deep and impressive tragedy.

"Come, don't be a-busting out a-crying, don't; I can't stand it: you ought to leave that to the woman. Where's she, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Close by, Mr. Brown, in the next row of tents, out there," replied the man; "and if you would look in she would be glad to see you, only we hav'n't got our things in order at all."

"I wonder who has, in such a place as this,"

rejoined Mr. Brown. "Well, I should like to see the little woman, for old acquaintance sake; and as I am going along there with a load I will look in, and I'll say my say out as we go along. Come up, Pothooks," he added, cracking his whip; this hint being addressed to a horse attached to a loaded dray, which had halted in the road while the conference was going on.

The place was Canvass Town—a motley agglomeration of tents, as we have said, on a dismal waste of ground on the southern side of the Yarra, at a short distance from Melbourne. Squalid wretchedness and hopeless perplexity were the prevailing features of the scene, intermingled with some sickly attempts at pleasantry, and languid intimations of a commercial spirit. The tents were arranged in rows, and these were dignified by the names of streets; rubbish strewn the ground; and men, women, and children, in all stages of discomfort, discontent, and positive destitution and wretchedness, lounged, wrangled, quarrelled, or otherwise disposed of themselves in dire confusion, as the mood of the moment dictated. Others were more industriously employed. From one tolerably spacious tent rose a hum of childish voices, monotonously: it was a school. In others, preparations for eating and drinking were manifest: these were the dining-rooms and coffee-rooms of Canvass Town. Bakers and butchers, tailors and shoemakers, store-keepers, blacksmiths, and washerwomen elbow-deep in suds, were here and there pursuing their avocations. Water-carriers and wood-carriers were passing to and fro with their loads; but there were more idlers than workers.

The tents themselves would have formed a study to any curious traveller in search of the picturesque. They were of all possible shapes, in every variety of size and colour and material; and their inhabitants of many shades of character and varieties of garb. Hundreds of them were disappointed and impoverished diggers, returned, with broken health and energies, to seek employment in Melbourne, and loudly lamenting the day which had witnessed their departure from the homes to which they would probably never return. Hundreds of the tents were occupied by newly arrived immigrants, some on their way to the diggings, and others who were waiting some auspicious turn of affairs, by which their fortunes were to be realized, the hope and promise of which grew fainter and feebler day after day. Others, more sturdily minded, were doggedly and perseveringly adapting themselves to new circumstances, and pushing forward in the *mêlée*, determined to overcome obstacles and conquer difficulties: others, again, were evidently abandoning themselves to dissipation, and sinking rapidly beneath the burden of care and disappointment.

There were sickness and death in Canvass Town. In one miserable tent lay a mother dying, a child dead, a father moaning broken-hearted and fever-consumed, helplessly stretched on the bare earth, and other children, by his side, crying from hunger and grief. This family had but lately landed on the inhospitable beach; and on the sick man's agonized memory were scenes of past happiness depicted, the reality of which had not long passed away.

Another tent resounded with revelry and mirth. To the next we have more particularly to introduce our readers.

Mrs. Jenkins was, in a very disconsolate mood, seated at the entrance to a queer-looking tent, composed of a couple of blankets stretched on sticks and pegged to the ground. There was no want of ventilation in the tent, which perhaps was a comfort; but its rents and crevices, while promoting a healthy circulation of air, admitted also a superabundance of fine and particularly irritating dust, which covered everything it contained, and was anything but exhilarating and agreeable to the inmates.

The tent was inconveniently lumbered with a good number of packages, leaving only a very limited space for sleeping accommodation: some of the packages were open, and their contents scattered about in confusion—those contents being mostly clothing; and a faint, musty smell pervaded the tent, in spite of its good ventilation, which made it more pleasant, perhaps, for its owners to carry on their ordinary avocations in the open air.

Mrs. Jenkins was making a languid attempt at cookery, in a small way, over a small fire, at the outside of the tent; and her two children, sprawling near, were joining in the dismal chorus of infantile distress, which, sinking and rising at intervals, like the tones of an æolian harp, but never entirely ceasing, was one of the characteristics of this town of tents.

Mrs. Jenkins was crying also, or near upon it; for traces of tears were visible enough on her pale, mosquito-disfigured and dust-stained cheeks. She was, perhaps, too much absorbed in melancholy reflections to lift up her eyes to the vision of two well-dressed young men, accompanied by a third of more mature age and rougher aspect, who, threading their way through the rows of tents, paused for a slight space as though watching her operations, and then slowly moved onward.

"I fancied for a moment that that poor woman might be cousin Bessy," said Frank, who was one of the strangers; "but it was quite a mistake." The other stranger, to whom he particularly addressed himself, was Percy Effingham.

A few rods further on they encountered a laden dray, and stepped aside to allow it to pass. By this movement they were brought face to face with the driver, who, uttering an exclamation, checked his horse, and informed a companion by his side that he was fortunate that morning; for there were the very chaps he was speaking of. Almost at the same moment Mr. Jenkins found himself roughly grasped by the arm, and addressed by name by an old acquaintance—Simeon Barnes.

#### CHAPTER LII.

##### SPECIMEN EMIGRANTS.

We intentionally pass over the scene which followed the recognition, and the introduction of Mr. Jenkins to his cousin Frank Layton, and which bordered so closely on the ludicrous that Mr. Brown, whipping up Pothooks and quickly moving off, declared that he had never known a man to act so foolish as that Jenkins was doing in all his born days—"a-crying his eyes out like a woman, and dancing away like a play-actor." We

omit this, we say, and shift our scene to the front of Mr. Jenkins's tent, where, seated on sundry boxes, were their hapless proprietors, their cousin and his friends.

Not idly unoccupied, nor altogether unprofitably employed; for the quick glance of Frank's eye had detected manifest signs of approaching impetuosity in his cousins; and pleading that his own and his friends' dinner-hour had arrived, he had despatched Barnes to a large tent, where, under the sign and title of the Grand National Dining Establishment, ready cooked and smoking hot provisions were obtainable; and the whole party was soon heartily attacking the passable beef and its accompaniments which the commissary had borne off in triumph from spit and pan.

"To think I shouldn't have known you, Bessy," said Frank, in a cheerful tone, "when we used to have so many games together; but, to be sure, that was a good many years ago, and we have both of us seen changes enough since then to make us look older than we were."

Cheerfulness is contagious; and, in spite of her sorrows, Mrs. Jenkins's face had perceptibly brightened up; while her husband's hopes, rising as the generous meal advanced, from the freezing-point to summer-heat at the lowest, displayed themselves in strange contortions of countenance and various extraordinary attitudes in a small way.

"Changes!" exclaimed the little red-faced man; "ah! you may say that, cousin Frank. You should have seen Bessy a year ago in our nice place at home, as much of a lady as here and there one; and look at her now, sir; only look at her," he added, in a tone of impressive solemnity, and waving his hand towards the blanket tent, "like a gipsy baby born to roam, cousin Frank! and all that sort of thing. There's something wrong there, sir, I think."

"Oh no, there isn't much in that, Mr. Jenkins," said Frank, encouragingly. "This is only a small taste of roughing it: things will be smoother and your prospects more encouraging soon, I hope. I am sorry, though, that I was not able to meet you on your first arrival; I suppose you expected me. But I don't know that I could have done you much good; for I am almost as much a stranger in Melbourne as you. Well, how did you manage?"

"Oh, Frank, it was dreadful," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, relapsing into tears. "I am sure if I had known what emigration is, I would never have left England: and what we are to do now, I am sure I don't know."

"I never knew of such extortion in my life—never," added Mr. Jenkins, with great indignation. "We waited till the last before we came ashore, in hopes that you would find us out, Mr. Layton; and then, what do you think I had to pay for a boat?"

"Something considerable, no doubt," said Frank, recurring to his own experience of Melbourne charges.

"Four pounds, sir; four pounds, for a nasty, dirty, leaky boat, rowed by two men. Two pounds a piece for the two men; and not above an hour's work, as you may say. But that wasn't the worst of it; for when they got ashore, cousin Layton,



out they bundled us, bag and baggage, on the beach, with all our things, and nobody to say 'How d'ye do' to, and no one to help us, out of all the lots of people we saw about."

"But you did get over your difficulties somehow," said Frank, cheerfully; "and that was a good thing."

"Ah! I have not told you half yet," continued Mr. Jenkins, solemnly; "and however we got through that night—"

"The next was worse, Sam," interposed poor Bessy, still crying heartily.

"It might be for you, my dear; but it wasn't for me. I have told you so before," said Mr. Jenkins, snappishly. "Worse! How could it be worse, when we hadn't a roof to cover us all that dreadful night!—no, not a roof between us and the starry heavens, cousin Layton."

"All right, if so be they was starry, Mr. Jenkins," said Simeon. "What 'ud you say to camping out, night after night, wropped up in a blanket, with the rain tumbling down on ye by bucket-loads? That's what I call roughing it."

"I don't know anything about that," said Jenkins, sulkily; "but its what I aint used to, that's all. And what I was saying is, that all through that night Mrs. Jenkins was sitting a-top of a box, a-nursing the baby, that would keep crying, and the only one of us that slept a wink was young Sam; and besides, we hadn't anything to eat, cousin, only a bag of hard biscuits; only think of that."

Frank expressed all due sympathy, and asked what Mr. Jenkins did on the following day.

"Do, Mr. Layton! what was I to do? But I'll tell you all about it. We were all a-shivering with cold in the morning—"

"And a-crying, and throwing o' hats on the ground like mad, and a-tearing o' hairs, and a-making ourself ridic'ulous," exclaimed a voice suddenly from behind Mr. Jenkins, who, turning, saw that Mr. Brown, after unloading his dray, had halted, on his return, opposite the tent, and had joined the group unobserved. "Beg pardon, gents," he added; "but I told Mr. Jenkins I'd look in, more particular as I've a sort of message for Mrs. Jenkins"—to whom he nodded familiarly and good-humouredly.

"Well, Mr. Brown, and what is the message? You didn't say anything about that, that I remember," said Mr. Jenkins, who did not fancy the new interruption.

"Maybe not, Mr. Jenkins; but no offence, I hope. The short on it is this, Mrs. Jenkins; my woman is a taking in washing, and earns a pretty penny by it; but she is knocked up quite; for a woman isn't a horse, Mrs. Jenkins; and what she wants is a helper—five shillings a day and board—take it or leave it, ma'am, it's all the same to me."

Mr. Jenkins turned indignantly towards the speaker. "You insulting fellow!" he cried out; "what did you ever see in Mrs. Jenkins, I want to know, to make you think she would ever demean herself to be a common washerwoman? There, cousin Layton, isn't it enough to drive a man mad?"

"I am not quite sure that it is," said Frank, gravely. "I should like to know what you say to the proposal, Bessy."

"Oh, I couldn't," replied the little woman, sob-

bing; "it isn't what I am used to. I never did such a thing in my life—never. And then, there's the poor little children; what's to become of them? Oh, Frank, if I had but known what emigration is!"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Brown, "there's no harm done. I was told to look out, and I have done it—that's all; and I reckon there's many a woman here as thought herself a lady once, and maybe was a sort of one in the old country, that would jump at such a hoffer; so I've said my say. Now then, Pothooks!" and with an energetic crack of his whip, the drayman roused his horse from a brown study over a trodden patch of dusty and dry grass; and, departing, he left Mr. Jenkins to continue the story of his vexations and distresses.

It was dreary enough and common enough. The inexperienced and otherwise helpless immigrants had found their way, with their luggage, to a miserable lodging in Melbourne; had been charged inordinately for a wretched meal, and as inordinately for leave to bestow themselves in a naked loft, vermin-infested, and crowded with intoxicated and brutal lodgers of both sexes; had fled, on the day after, to the refuge of Canvass Town, and purchased of government the right to a lodgment on the cold ground, at the rate of five shillings a week. They had lived on from day to day, hoping that something would turn up for their advantage, till almost all their small stock of money was gone, and positive want was staring them in the face.

"Bread sevenpence a pound!" sighed poor Bessy; "and not a drop of water to be got but must be paid for, and every stick of wood, Frank."

"But, cousin Jenkins," said Frank, in amazement, "surely, as you have nothing else to do, you might save that expense. There's wood, and water too, to be got for the fetching."

"But," exclaimed the red-faced man, 'in astonishment, "only think how it would look!"

"How what would look, Mr. Jenkins?" Frank wished to know.

"Why, to be seen carrying a pail of water! all along the fronts of the tents too! I never did such a thing—NEVER," he added emphatically and resolutely; "and another thing, I never will—there."

"What ever did you leave England for?" inquired Layton; and if there were a slight tincture of impatience and a dash of contempt in the question, as he put it to his newly found relative, it is not greatly to be wondered at.

"What for? Why, cousin—Mr. Layton, I mean—what did thousands and thousands leave England for?—why, to better themselves to be sure. What did you leave it for, years ago, cousin Frank?"

"We heard of your doing so well out here," said Mrs. Jenkins, before Frank could reply, "that we thought we ought to try too, especially as business was falling off at home, and it seemed to be more than we could do to make both ends meet; and then there were such lots of people that were coming over because of the diggings, you know, that everybody said if we could get to Melbourne our fortune would be made."

"Why, they told me that even cabmen were earning a pound a day and over, and they not able to read and write; and that no end of clerks were wanted. And now we are got here—'Tis a

wonder I aint gone mad!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, passionately.

"Well but, my good fellow," interposed Frank, who was fairly bewildered by the sudden energy with which his question was met; "what did you expect that I should be able to do for you? I can assure you that I have had a hundred things to do more disagreeable by half, and harder, than carrying a pail or two of water a few hundred yards; and have to do them still. What do you fancy, now, I can do to assist you?"

Mr. Jenkins did not know; but he did hope, or he had hoped, that cousin Frank, who had been so long in the colony, and must know so many people there, would be able to put him at once in the way of doing something "a little out of the common."

"But what?" Frank desired to be informed.

Oh, Mr. Jenkins was not particular: he was sure he was not *that*. If he could only get a clerk's situation to begin with, say at four or five pounds a week, or to manage a business—which he thought would suit him better—he would not mind working from nine in the morning till four or even five at night, and they were long hours. Or if his cousin would get credit at one of the banks—as no doubt he could, being so well known as he must be in Melbourne—so as to start him in business in a small way: in short, anything—he did not mind what, Mr. Jenkins was sure. He was quite willing to put his shoulder to the wheel, for his part. And in prospect of realizing these very sober and rational expectations, upon which he enlarged fluently, Mr. Jenkins became radiant with smiles; while Bessy looked solicitously into her cousin's face, unmindful of a low whispered whistle of unmitigated astonishment, which escaped unconsciously from the bearded lips of Simeon Barnes.

Frank maintained his gravity, which, under all circumstances, must be set down to his credit. Nay, he even shook his head mournfully, as he explained how utterly unable he was to meet even the most modest of Mr. Jenkins's circumscribed requirements.

"But what are we to do, cousin Layton?" Mr. Jenkins earnestly asked. "Here we are—pretty near all our money gone. We can't be expected to starve, you know; it isn't reasonable, that isn't."

"No, no, I trust it won't come to that, Mr. Jenkins. Cheer up, Bessy, don't look so downcast. There are a good many things between you and starvation yet, though I cannot promise you a clerkship. I suppose you have made some applications?" Frank suggested.

Yes, Mr. Jenkins had. He had looked in at three or four likely places: "but then, Mr. Layton, they were in such hurry and confusion, that before I could get to say ten words, it was nothing but 'good morning,' and off." Moreover, he had borrowed the newspapers at the coffee-room, or rather the coffee-ten, and had looked through all the advertisements.

"Well, we must have another try, that's all," said Frank cheerily; "and the sooner the better; for I expect I shall be getting up the country again to-morrow: so suppose we start at once."

"What do you say to going to the diggings,

my friend?" asked Effingham, who hitherto had been a silent but amused auditor of the conference.

"Come, Mr. Effingham, doant ye put such a thing as that in the poor man's head," whispered Barnes to his future leader; "only look at his soft little hands! besides what he said about fetching the water." There was no need, however, for Simeon's apprehensions on this score.

"Oh pray, pray don't put such a thing as that into my husband's head," said Mrs. Jenkins. "What could I do at those dreadful diggings, where there's nothing but robbery and murder, and all sorts of shocking wickedness, day and night. Jenkins is not fit for such things, sir," said the poor woman.

"Well, but," remonstrated Percy, "I have been to the diggings, and I was not murdered, I assure you, and never saw anybody else murdered. However, the diggings are not nice places for females, certainly; but, then, if you were to give Mr. Jenkins leave of absence for three or four months, who can tell what might turn up?"

"But what should I do when he is gone, sir? Oh, cousin Frank, don't let your friend persuade my husband to go there!"

"I never did dig," said Mr. Jenkins; "and I reckon 'tis dreadful hard work—it must be: and then they say there's no houses. I saw a letter from a man that was there, and he said he hadn't slept under a roof for six months, and had been ill, and nobody to care whether he lived or died. So, I wouldn't go to the diggings on any account."

"Well, then, let us go and see what is to be done in Melbourne," said Frank, rising, and bidding cousin Bessy keep up good heart till their return—slipping, too, a sovereign into her hand as he wished her good-bye; "we can but try, though I am not very hopeful of immediate success," he added.

It was evening before Mr. Jenkins returned to Canvass Town, accompanied by Frank and Simeon. The search for employment had been unsuccessful. From one or two merchants, to whom Frank introduced himself as Mr. Bracy's factor, and who, on that account, gave them a hearing, they had learned that the idea of obtaining employment in clerkships was absolutely chimerical: that no one would, if they could help it, employ men fresh from England, and there was no need for it; for if all the commercial *employees* in Melbourne should strike on a given day, and start to the diggings, or elsewhere, there were multitudes of experienced hands ready to step in and fill up their places.

It was true enough that cabmen, draymen, porters, labourers, carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, stone-breakers, and men whose capabilities lay in nerve and sinew, were in full request, and earning more than they could spend, except in dissipation; but men who could only write, and whose previous training had unfitted them for hard work, should never have come out—they were no more wanted now than they had been before the gold mania had set in.

They were told of men who had thrown up lucrative situations in England; of gentlemen who had left behind them the luxuries of competence; of university men who had "come out" with the intention of making themselves speedily rich, but who are now wandering idly in the streets in rags

and misery, or were fain to content themselves with the most menial occupations for bare subsistence: while men who had brought out nothing with them but the power to labour, and convicts from the neighbouring penal colony, who were swamping Victoria with pollution and villany, were rapidly becoming the monied aristocracy of the town and its neighbourhood, and were rendering it unbearable to decent or fastidious tastes. It was better by many degrees at the diggings themselves, although they were bad enough.

"I tell you what, Mr. Jenkins," said Frank, after duly reporting their want of success to his cousin Bessy, "you had better make up your mind to roughing it in the bush. Go up into the country with me, and I'll engage to find you employment."

"What to do?" asked Mr. Jenkins, dolefully.

"To do what I have been doing ever since I landed in the colony—stock-keeping or shepherding. You will have the advantage of me; for you will have the society of a wife and children; and you will get better wages now than I did at first, and besides—"

Frank was stopped short in his enumeration of advantages by a look and an exclamation of intense dismay from Mr. Jenkins, echoed by a shriek of horror from cousin Bessy.

"Why, cousin Layton! I never did such a thing in my life: a-riding after mad cows all day long, and keeping o' sheep—it's what I aint used to, and little did I think when I left home—"

"To live in the savage country, along with filthy black natives, and never see a single thing!" said Mrs. Jenkins, taking up the burden of her husband's remonstrance; "I couldn't: I should die of fright."

"Well but, what *will* you do, Mr. Jenkins?" Frank asked gravely, though almost out of patience with his unreasonable and unreasoning cousins.

Mr. Jenkins didn't know; he was sure he didn't. He supposed they must all starve together.

"And this is the sort of men," thought Frank to himself, indignantly, "that are pouring into this glorious country by hundreds and thousands—men, too idle and self-willed and proud to do well for themselves anywhere. It had need to be a good country." He did not then speak his thoughts, however, but tried vainly to combat the objections of Mr. Jenkins and his cousin. He himself was likely to take a farm soon, he said, and he would give employment to Mr. Jenkins; but it could only be as a shepherd, he was afraid.

It wouldn't do. Not ten miles from Melbourne would Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins venture. Something would turn up, perhaps; and if it didn't, why they could starve—that was a comfort.

Well, then, hadn't Jenkins better look out for work such as he hadn't been exactly accustomed to? For instance, Frank had been told that men working on a road were earning eight or ten shillings a day, and more men were wanted.

He had better have left the suggestion unspoken; and, unable to make any further progress in Mr. Jenkins's affairs, he wished his cousin "good night," and returned to his inn in Melbourne.

The morning of the next day was occupied with Messrs. Morris and M'Weevil and Percy Effingham. In the afternoon, he once more made his

appearance at the tent of his cousins. This time he was mounted.

"I am come to say good-bye, Bessy, and to ask you once more to consider my proposal. There is a dray starting next week for Hunter's Creek."

"Not to be a shepherd, Mr. Layton, thank you," said Mr. Jenkins, with dignity. "I would oblige you if I could; but it's a thing I never did stoop to—never."

"Well, then, I must say good-bye; and I hope you will soon be successful here."

"Are you going now?" inquired Mr. Jenkins, with some perturbation.

"Directly. I would not sleep another night unnecessarily in Melbourne on any account. Before I draw bridle again I shall be thirty miles on my road, and shall most likely camp out: and a pleasant change too, after two nights in Melbourne."

Mr. Jenkins drew near to Frank, and whispered in his ear some mysterious words, ending with, "you couldn't, could you? I'd pay you again the first time I see you. 'Tis for poor Bessy, you know, that I care, not for myself."

For a moment Frank looked angry—then he relaxed—told out five pounds into Mr. Jenkins's expectant palm, and the next minute was out of sight. He was as good as his word. He camped out that night, wrapped in his cloak, and luxuriated in the summer night air.

The next day, Effingham, Barnes, and Abraham were on the road to Mount Alexander.

Morris and M'Weevil—but we may meet with them once more, and for the last time, in a coming chapter.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR TIMES.

Nor recollections of war, be it understood. I never, and I am grateful for the fact, saw anything of actual fighting, or smelled gunpowder, save as an ingredient of sport or of public rejoicing. No; the remembrances I now seek to recall are of the home, social, and domestic kind, but linked with the period when war, grim and desperate, coloured the social life of England, from the mansion to the cottage, and brooded a vague mystery, now a terror and now a triumph, over every domestic circle.

My first remembrances of the world out-of-doors are of "wars and rumours of wars." I was born and brought up in a little town, which in a time of peace would have been a quiet little town, but which, when I first grew into a state of consciousness within it, was anything but that. I remember that my first conception of war was of something indefinitely horrible just outside the town, beyond the pond and the row of poplars which shut out the view behind it from my mother's garden. It was some time before I could separate the idea of war from the idea of "Boney;" either of them was suggestive to my imagination of headless trunks, mangled limbs, and bloodshed; and a sense of the near neighbourhood of these terrors was among the earliest of my mental impressions. What contributed to keep this feeling alive was the continual blast in the street from long tin horns, and the hoarse cry of, "Great news from abroad!" "Glorious victory at Salamanca!" "Ten thousand of the enemy left dead on the field!"



—and so on, which followed day after day, month after month, and year after year.

When I grew old enough to be taken out for a walk, I feared to come upon some field of battle covered with the dead and dying. My geography had not made its appearance, and I had, by a trick of association common to childhood, connected the fighting "abroad" with the "walks abroad" mentioned in the well-known verse of Dr. Watts, which I had been taught to recite almost as soon as I could speak. Such infantine delusions of course wore off in time, but they were followed by realities which, though but common occurrences, made a more lasting impression. It is true that I saw no fields of battle in the outskirts of the town, but I saw something very like it, in platoons of soldiers exercising with the musket, and firing blank cartridges by the hour together in the summer afternoons and evenings; and one of my first amusements, when I had got into jacket and trousers, was to hunt, with my schoolfellows in the grass, after the soldiers had marched off the ground, for any stray cartridges they might have dropped, and to tie up such as we found into crackers for the home service; the result of which was the well-nigh blowing up of my brother one night, and the reducing of his round merry face to an eyeless, noseless mass, from which his well-known features did not emerge again till after two months' groaning in bed.

Long before this I had become enlightened on the subject of war. I knew—for everybody told me so—that "the French were a set of contemptible poltroons fed upon frogs, of whom every Englishman could 'lick' five, and do it easily, before breakfast;" and that, being our "natural enemies," it was every Englishman's duty to "lick" them accordingly; that "Boney" was an ill-favoured fellow, in a cocked hat, an old coat, and a pair of jack-boots a yard long each, turned heels foremost; for I had seen him thus burned in effigy a dozen times at least in the town bonfires; and I disliked him grievously. My ideas on the subject of war were not, however, all heroic. Some events connected with it had, even in early childhood, struck a sad and pensive chord in my breast. One I recollect distinctly at the present hour. Our nursery servant Sukey had taken me and a little sister for a walk, one evening in the summer. Our route lay through a series of meadows across which a narrow path led to a neighbouring village. In one of the fields was a deep pond covered with a green film, and from this pond, as we approached it, a number of men were dragging the senseless body of a woman. I saw it borne past me dripping with the miry weeds. The poor creature was dead: she had thrown herself into the water in a fit of grief for the loss of her husband, who had fallen in a recent battle, and the news of whose death she had that day received. We went to the brink of the pond, and looked in upon the black water, and Sukey picked up the poor dead wife's shoe, which had stuck in the mire upon the bank. I was hardly five years old when this happened; but those dark waters, with their green scum, and the stark, dripping form of that poor woman, haunted my childish dreams for many a year afterwards.

But the national spirit was ever alive, and

suffered neither young nor old to brood long over the woes of the strife in which we were engaged. The news of victory, or the promise of victory, came with almost every gazette. Bonfires and illuminations were frequent, and these latter were sometimes a real domestic calamity. I remember once that we children were all down in the measles on an illumination night, and that, half delirious with wakefulness and pain, I rose from my little couch and wandered through the several rooms of the house, all a-blaze with light, in search of some dark and cool corner to lie down in. I can see at this moment the little clay sockets for the candles stuck into the window-frames, with a candle in every pane of glass—and Sukey rushing about with the snuffers from room to room, to keep them in order—and fancy that I can hear the roar of the rabble without, which would not let me go to sleep.

When we got well again, we were all taken to see the French prisoners, of whom there were several hundreds in the town. A spacious temporary prison had been erected near the river. It consisted of perhaps a hundred separate cells, like menagerie cages grated in front, which looked into a large court-yard. The townspeople were allowed to exercise their benevolence towards the prisoners, and no one who came with provisions or money was refused admission to the yard during the daytime. Many times I went with my sisters, generally carrying a little basket of broken food and scraps from my mother's table, which I loved to distribute among the poor hungry creatures. Lean, haggard, and unshaven, they looked quite in character with the popular notion of their inferiority to John Bull; but they were generous and kind to each other, and particularly so to those among them whom the sad chances of war had maimed or crippled. They were grateful for the smallest trifle—for a bone, for a dry stick, or an old lath—and looked upon a few remnants of wood from a carpenter's shop as a treasure. From such materials they manufactured most ingeniously all kinds of toys and useful articles, and even chimney ornaments, using a knife for the only tool. They would barter a handsome toy for a cold potato, and give anything from their stock for the smallest modicum of tobacco, which they were yet not allowed to smoke. Yet, smoke they did sometimes, by the connivance of a compassionate visitor, who would pass a lighted pipe from lip to lip through the bars of the grating. The kindness of the townspeople to these poor fellows may have been dictated, perhaps, by other feelings besides sympathy for their misfortunes; most of them had friends or relatives fighting in the Peninsula, and none knew whether his own brother, or cousin, or old acquaintance might not be in need of the same kind charity in an enemy's country.

Then, as now, men sought for signs in the heavens and upon the earth by which to pierce the bloody veil that overshadowed the continent of Europe. The records of prophecy were ransacked, and strange and fanciful interpretations came to light, of which, perhaps, the less that is now said the better. But there *was* a sign in the heavens, which rose in the summer of 1811, and filled the hearts of millions with alarm and terrible forebodings. Those who recollect the prodigious comet of that year, and who marked the effect of its

appearance upon the minds of the superstitious and uneducated—and not by any means upon them alone—will corroborate the truth of what I assert. One summer's night, long after sunset, when I had been allowed to sit up to see it, my mother led me by the hand into the garden, and pointed to the stupendous meteor, which, at about fifty degrees of ascension, as near as I can remember, showed like a broad dazzling sheet of flame nearly level with the horizon, and long enough to extend more than half-way down to it. The round orb at one extremity seemed nearly a third of the size of the full moon; and the wild, unearthly flood of light which proceeded from the fiery mass cast our long shadows upon the gravel in black and definite outline, as from a torch near at hand; such, at least, is my childish recollection of the scene. Nightly the inhabitants came forth in crowds to gaze at the portentous visitor, whose glare blotted a third of the stars from the firmament; and it is little to be wondered at, if the imaginations of many ran wild, and they saw in the flaming falchion that swept through the midnight sky the portent of woes unnumbered about to be dealt out by retributive justice to a guilty race.

As the news of victory after victory gladdened the hearts of the multitude, the dreaded "Boney" waned by degrees from a terror into a scoff—the scorn of John Bull and the butt of a host of pasquinaders and caricaturists, who made their fortunes by holding him up to the national ridicule, which was never surfeited. The horrible retreat from Moscow, fraught as it was with indescribable miseries to the sufferers, was a source of mirth, and no end of jokes, among the populace; and the whole of the subsequent downward career of Napoleon seemed to be regarded by our fathers as but the acting out of a drama of which they already knew the *dénouement* as much as if they had decreed it themselves.

The effect of even a successful war upon the habits and manners of the people was visible, in a way which would strike us now with considerable alarm, if—which is not at all desirable—the social aspect of forty years ago could be suddenly reproduced among us. Beggars abounded along the highways, and in every street of every town; and beggary, if it could not be said to flourish as a trade, was at least a regular and almost a recognised calling. Without doubt thousands of those who lived by the solicitation of alms had suffered either personally or relatively by the war. Crippled and mutilated men there were not a few, and widowed and forsaken women and children added to the number of the suppliants; but imposture fattened by the simulation of calamity, chiefly because the real sufferers were too numerous to render a just discrimination at all practicable. Then, the popular manners were brutal to a degree hardly to be realised at the present moment. Pugilism was accounted, by the same classes who now regard it as a disgraceful brutality, as a manly sport; and "respectable" citizens were seen teaching their children to fight. A fight was the *ultima ratio* in most popular disputes, and in a thousand instances took place without any dispute at all, being got up for pastime. Years elapsed before such pastimes began to be regarded as disgraceful; the public streets were

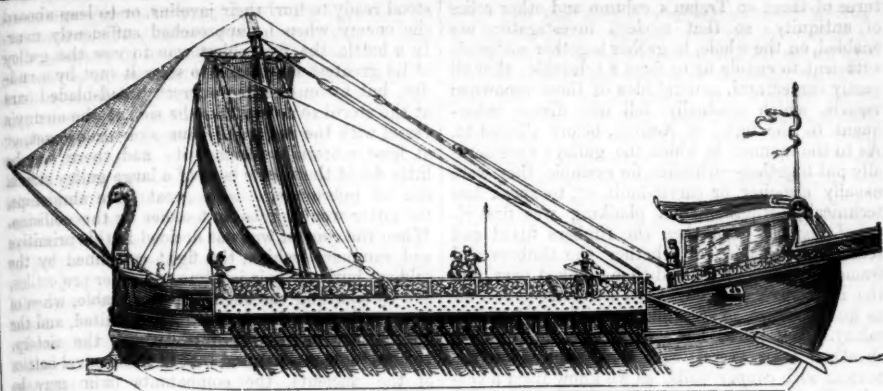
practically the licensed arena of such encounters; and shopkeepers, who would now summon the police to take the combatants into custody, then enjoyed the sport, and not unfrequently assisted in the maintenance of "fair-play." Then was "the ring" an institution, and the art of crushing an opponent's head by heavy blows "a noble science," supposed to be conducive to the growth of the national spirit. As a matter of course, the law of kindness was little appreciated; the birch and the cane were the chief arguments of authority, whether scholastic or domestic, and the obedience of child and pupil was secured, if secured at all, by fear rather than by affection.

It may be thought that we are grown too wise in the present generation to need any admonition in regard to the evils resulting from indulgence in a war spirit. I am not by any means too sure of that. Society always takes its tone, in a very considerable degree, from the national pursuit; and if the war upon which we have now entered should last many years, of which there seems no small likelihood, we may chance to witness at home a revival of the pugnacious spirit to which we shall owe whatever success we may attain abroad. The natural result of war is, for a time at least, the intellectual and moral retrogression of the masses. This is an assertion which needs no proof: the humanizing influences of the arts, of literature, of religion, are most effectual in the atmosphere of peace, and not amid the elements of strife; and the wisest prayer of the true patriot and philanthropist, during the present contest, or during any contest, would be that an opportunity may be speedily afforded for its honourable abandonment.

#### WAR-GALLEYS OF THE ANCIENTS.

It was felicitously remarked long ago, "when George III was king," that a British sovereign ought to receive the ambassadors of other nations upon the quarter-deck of one of his own line-of-battle ships; and, apart from the mere question of expediency, assuredly no place of audience could more impressively suggest to a foreigner a vivid idea of the might and majesty of England than the deck of one of her floating guardians, terrible even in quiet repose, like a slumbering lion, who in an instant can "shake the dew-drops from his mane," and stand forth revealed in all his appalling attributes, the fearful forest king, with voice of thunder and eye of flame. Noble and powerful as were king George's battle-ships, the largest of them were very inferior in every respect to the fighting leviathans of queen Victoria, which in turn will doubtless hereafter prove proportionately inferior to those of her successor; for, in the history of our navy, nothing is more striking and significant than the progression manifested in the size and construction of the ships; and this progression seems to keep pretty regular pace with Britain's territorial aggrandizement and general advancement. But it was not so as regards the war-galleys of the ancients; for after they were once brought to some degree of perfection, so far as regarded being built on established principles, they do not appear to have improved in any material respect during the long period of a thousand years.





FORM OF THE ANCIENT GALLEY.

This, however, is perhaps not merely attributable to the ancients being people of little genius in naval architecture and in navigation, but also to the circumstance that, from the very nature of their construction, galleys could not be enlarged in size and improved beyond a certain degree.

Every reader of classical history must frequently have desired to possess a more distinct and precise perception of the size, and general construction and management, of the war-galleys which figure so frequently in the pages of the Greek and Roman annalists. At the mention of ancient galleys, one's mind reverts to the narratives of sea-fights on the Mediterranean coasts, which, as detailed by the classic historians and poets, used to animate us in our happy schoolboy days. We think of the battle of Actium, when Cleopatra, that world-renowned Egyptian

"Queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
Brow bound with burning gold,"

seized with a womanly panic, ordered her galley to row away from the scene of action, and was followed in this example by the majority of her fleet, in consequence of which her lover and coadjutor, Mark Anthony, sustained a fatal defeat; and we also think of that famous fight, on the eve of which, in the noble lines of Byron—

"A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?"

All the researches of the learned and the curious have hitherto failed to produce any explicit and satisfactory exposition of the shapes, construction, and management of the ancient war-galleys; but there are numerous allusions to, and partial descriptions of them in the writings of various classical authors, and also rude and imperfect sculp-



ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR, PROPELLED PARTLY BY OARS AND PARTLY BY SAILS.

tures of them on Trajan's column and other relics of antiquity; so that modern investigators are enabled, on the whole, to gather together materials sufficient to enable us to form a tolerable, though partly conjectural, general idea of these renowned vessels, which gradually fell into disuse subsequent to the fight at Actium, before alluded to. As to the manner in which the galleys were actually put together—whether, for example, they were usually clench or carvel-built, or, to speak less technically, whether their planking was first riveted together and then the timbers fitted and secured withinside; or whether the timbers and frame were first raised and then planked over, and the interstices caulked—there is no means, so far as we are aware, of ascertaining with absolute certainty. We learn, however, that "the Romans sheathed their vessels with lead, secured on the bottom with copper nails, as we know from a vessel of Trajan's weighed out of the lake of Riccia."\* In this respect the ancients taught a lesson which the moderns were very slow in profiting by; for it was not until the sixteenth century of the Christian era that ships' bottoms were sheathed with lead, and much later ere copper was used as a preferable material.

In its general outward shape the war-galley may be compared to an enormous boat, with very little shear (that is, nearly as high out of water amidships as towards the extremities), and with a rounded bow and a rounded stern—the former having a projecting *beak*. This beak was intended not for mere ornament or finish, but as a formidable instrument of offence; and it appears to have usually projected not from the upper part of the bow, like a modern ship's cutwater, but a little above the water's edge, and presumably, therefore, in the strongest portion of the bow, and that in which the galley could best give and sustain a heavy shock with the least risk of serious injury to herself, though what the draught of water was in proportion to the bulk of the vessel we cannot precisely decide. These beaks, according to their sculptured representations, were of various shapes; some being merely sharp-curved wedge-like projections, obviously designed to cut through the side of an opponent at her water-line; and others were trident-shaped, or else dolphins with spears in their mouths, etc. Above the beak rose the vessel's prow, which generally curved upwards and gracefully drooped back in-board. A somewhat similar ornament decorated the stern. The upper portion of the sides, and the stern-quarters especially, were very richly and tastefully carved and emblazoned, the larger devices being appropriate enough, such as sea-nymphs, etc. Some galleys had a fine canopy over the stern; and altogether we should imagine them to have been very elegant-looking and costly vessels. The pleasure-galleys, like our modern noblemen's pleasure-yachts, were doubtless most luxuriously fitted up, and must have been delightful vessels for coasting along the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or for navigating the lakes of Italy.

At the head and the stern of some war-galleys were raised platforms, and there was also a mid-ship gangway, where the soldiers, or fighting-men,

\* Capt. Washington's "Lecture on Shipping and Life-boats."

stood ready to hurl their javelins, or to leap aboard the enemy when he approached sufficiently near. In a battle, the first object was to row the galley at its greatest speed, and to steer it (not by a rudder, but by one or more great broad-bladed oars at the stern) so as to strike the side of the enemy's vessel with the beak, and thus sink or overset, or at least materially damage it; and there can be little doubt that if the beak of a large galley struck one of inferior size with great force amidships, the latter would probably founder by the collision. When the combat was not decided in this primitive and summary fashion, the fight continued by the soldiers hurling their javelins and other projectiles, and by boarding the enemy, if practicable, when of course a hand-to-hand encounter resulted, and the stronger or more valiant party won the victory. It is to be borne in mind that in these naval battles of the ancients, the combatants (who may be likened to the marines of our ships-of-war) were the soldiers only, as the sailors and rowers took no share in the fighting—the reverse being the system of modern sea-warfare. On the whole, the ancient war-galleys were, to our thinking, vessels in every respect superior to the ships used by the Danes and the Normans when they invaded England, and certainly were more advanced specimens of naval architecture than any species of European sailing-vessels during the dark ages subsequent to the decline of the Roman empire; so that the art of ship-building, instead of progressing, may be said rather to have retrograded during the long period of full a thousand years.

We now approach a more difficult part of our theme. War-galleys were built to be propelled by oars arranged in *banks*, and, according to the size of the vessel, the number of these banks or ranges varied from one up to fifteen; or, if the account is to be trusted, Ptolemy Philopater built one even having forty banks, and its length was 280 cubits, or 420 feet. Those with one bank were called the monocrota, and those of many banks the polycrota. Triremes (or three-banked galleys) and quinquiremes (or five-banked) were most common, the latter especially, with the Romans. Mr. Howell, an erudite writer on the subject,\* says that the ancients had sometimes "galleys of one bank of an immense size. Suetonius mentions the Liburnian galley, built by Caligula. She had ten men on each oar, with eighty oars on a side, and 1600 rowers. Pliny likewise mentions the Liburniae of Caius, which had forty oars on a side, and five rowers to each oar." He also says that Jason's famous "Argo," in which he brought the golden fleece from Colchis, had fifty oars, or twenty-five a side; and that "the crew of a trireme, at the time of the invasion of Xerxes, in the Greek fleet, was from fifty to one hundred and sixty rowers, and forty armed foot. . . . Polybius informs us that the crew of a quinquireme was three hundred rowers, and one hundred and twenty fighting men."

There has been an immense amount of discussion and learned controversy regarding the manner in which the oars of the polycrota were arranged so

\* Howell's "War-Galleys of the Ancients." (Blackwood, 1829). A scarce and valuable work, with excellent illustrative plates, and perhaps the best treatise extant on the subject, although it is rather too abstruse and obscure on some essential points, and silent as regards others.

as to be effective. The fact is, all that can be gathered from the writings of classic authors leaves us very much in the dark on this dubious point; but the most rational supposition is that the oars were arranged in an oblique row ascending upwards, and that those nearest the water were of course much the shortest, and that each oar in the ascending scale was proportionally longer. The mere length of the oar would make little or no difference as to the difficulty in working it, because all the oars would be balanced over their ports, and, if necessary, lead would be attached to their handles to effect this. The ancients, as well as the moderns, placed their weakest slaves nearest the galley's side, and the strongest at the extremity of the handle. The number of men at each oar varied from six to ten and upwards.

Mr. Howell expresses his opinion that the modern Genoese, Venetian, and French galleys were nearly similar in construction to those of the ancients; but we are inclined to dissent from this, although we cannot here enter into any detail of the matter. We remember many years ago reading a French book,\* printed above a century ago, and which contained several exact engravings of the galleys actually in use in the French Mediterranean ports at that period, and which, to the best of our recollection, differed considerably in construction from the war-galleys of the ancients. But it is fair to state that Mr. Howell also quotes a long extract from a work written by a French Protestant one hundred and fifty years ago, who had been condemned on account of his religion to the galleys, and describes them and the terrible sufferings of their miserable crews in minute detail. We have not seen the book itself, but we gather from the extract that a French galley was then about one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet broad, with one deck built over the hold, and twenty-five benches for oars on each side. Each bench was ten feet long, each oar fifty feet long, balanced so that thirty-seven feet of the length was withoutside the galley, and thirteen feet length of handle within side. Six poor slaves were chained perfectly naked to the bench to pull each oar. The whole fifty oars were all simultaneously dipped, which was absolutely necessary, or otherwise the wretched slaves would strike their heads against the oar behind them. Task-masters with whips lashed them mercilessly, and many often died at their oars, and were instantly cast overboard. The whole details were heart-sickening.

It is recorded in our history that king Alfred the Great introduced galleys, pulling forty to sixty oars a side, from the Mediterranean, to aid him in repelling the Danish invaders; and at later periods of our history they were not unknown. It is by no means improbable that they very nearly resembled the war-galleys of the ancients.

Since we commenced writing this article we have accidentally met with a thoroughly reliable (though partial) description of a Genoese war-galley, so late as the year 1800. During the siege and bombardment of Genoa (where General Masséna, with the wreck of the grand French army that had brilliantly subjugated Italy, had retreated in April), by the combined Austrian

army and the British fleet commanded by Lord Keith, the French annoyed the British bombarding flotilla so much by a corresponding force of their own, that it became necessary to silence the latter, the chief vessel of which was a large galley, mounting two very long brass 36-pounders, besides smaller guns, and rowed by fifty-two oars. It was accordingly determined to board and cut her out by the boats of the English fleet, and about 100 officers and men in ten boats proceeded to execute this service at midnight. They soon got alongside, when "a new obstacle presented itself. The gangway, or gunwale, of a galley projects three feet and upwards from the side of the hull, and that of the 'Prima' was strengthened by a stout barricade, along the summit of which were mounted several blunderpieces and wall-pieces. As an additional obstruction to the advance of the boats, the oars were banked or fixed in their places, ready for use, with the handles secured to the benches or thwarts." There were a crew of 257 fighting men, and the slaves chained to the oars are stated at "upwards of 300." Now this gives six men to each oar, or much the same as in the war-galleys of the ancients. The "Prima" was gallantly captured, and the poor slaves, delighted at the prospect of freedom by the event, cheerfully manned their oars to row the galley clear of the batteries. What ensued is noteworthy, as showing the capabilities of a war-galley. "It was principally by the exertion of these very slaves that the galley shot so quickly past the mole-head, and thus escaped destruction by the batteries. So vigorously did these practised rowers continue to ply their sweeps, that the galley nearly overran the British boats towing ahead. As soon as the galley had got out of gun-shot, the slaves, by the permission of the British commanding officer, released themselves from their fetters. This operation they performed with surprising quickness; and, now that the galley's lateen sails began to supersede the use of the oars, the poor fellows were jumping about the deck in a delirium of joy, heaping blessings on those who had restored them to liberty, and evincing so different a feeling towards their former masters in the galley, that the latter, for their personal safety, were transferred to the boats towing astern. . . . Shortly after day-break on the 21st, the galley was brought to an anchor under the stern of the 'Minatour,' and a more beautiful vessel of the kind had never been seen. Her extreme length was 159 feet, and her breadth twenty-three feet six inches. In her hold were thirty large brass swivels, intended to have been mounted upon her fore-castle and poop. Not being a vessel adapted to the British navy, the 'Prima' was sold to the Sardinians, for, we believe, the comparatively small sum of 15,000 dollars."\*

We are unable to say whether the proportions and general build of the above galley correspond with those of the ancients, but we are sure the reader will not object to the account of her being introduced here, because it is intrinsically interesting, and also because it is an example of what the modern war-galley was—a species of vessel, which, if not actually already extinct, certainly soon will be. We cannot add, without a feeling of strong

\* "Spectacle de la Nature." A very curious and interesting work.

\* James's "Naval History of Great Britain," vol. 3.



indignation, the fact that Lord Keith cruelly delivered up 250 of the 300 poor slaves (who by their almost superhuman exertions enabled the British to carry off the galley as a prize, and who, as we have seen, were almost delirious with joy at their presumed acquirement of freedom) to the French again! and as General Masséna well knew that it was all through them that the galley became an English prize, he actually, in the words of Mr. James, "ordered the victims of Lord Keith's breach of faith (for, surely, there was an implied if not an expressed promise not to betray human beings so peculiarly circumstanced) to be taken to the great square of the town and shot!" Comment is unnecessary; but let us hope that never again will such a stain as this befall the British name.

#### THE MADRAS WASHERMAN.

THE Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer has cast anchor off fort St. George, Madras, and we are immediately besieged by a legion of speculative natives. First comes the Catamaran Jacks, laden with chits, as notes are called in India, from friends and connexions on shore to passengers on board. These letters are skilfully secured from wet by being thrust into the oilskin caps which the men wear, and which are impervious to moisture. This is the first notion that a stranger has of an Indian native, and the first estimate formed of their moral and physical worth militates rather against poor Catamaran Jack, for he is intensely black, has very little clothing, and altogether has a degraded look. After all, however, he is perhaps as honest as any of his dark neighbours, and the stranger who is apt to be deceived by outward appearances eventually discovers this to his cost.

The next arrival alongside is the post-office boat, manned by sprucely-dressed fellows, who look quite civilized alongside of their savagely clad brethren. After the post-office boat a dozen others draw round the steamer, whose decks are shortly swarming with a whole posse of needy adventurers. Foremost amongst these, and certainly most essential to the passengers, is the dhobie, or washerman, and his friend the ironingman; for there exist no laundresses in India, and all European linen is exclusively got up by men, chiefly chouliahs or pariahs. The dubash whispers in your ears that there never was, nor is there ever likely to be found, a match for his friend, the washerman; "him got crackters (characters) from much Inglesse lords;" and possibly, as an irresistible recommendation—for the dubash is dressed out in book muslins, and scented like a pole cat—he whispers knowingly in your ears, that "*him my own bruder-in-law, and I be sponisible to master.*" With such good security, who could hesitate rummaging up all his soiled linen, and handing it over to this marvellous washerman? The cadet, whose Indian outfit cost a large sum of money, hands over to the safe keeping of the dubash, shirts, jackets, socks, etc., all bran new, and of the finest quality, which he can never hope to match in India, and which, alas, he is destined never to set eyes upon again. The washerman and his *soi-disant* relative exchange a brace of winks as the former shoulders the goodly sized bundle belonging to Cadet Simpleton, and

the dubash promises faithfully that to-morrow evening "*Master shall have him clean clothes.*"

To-morrow evening arrives; but there is no sign of the dubash or "him bruder-in-law" making their appearance, and our young friend begins to think it just possible that neither dhobie nor clothes will ever meet his eyes again. Here, however, he is mistaken, for the dhobie will come, and so will the dubash, bringing with them, too, a bill that will considerably lighten the not overstocked purse of the cadet. The steamer is all but under weigh for Calcutta, and the clothes apparently are about to be lost for ever, when, lo! the gratified youth recognises in the yet distant boat the familiar face of the dubash—on perceiving which he begins to blame himself for having for an instant doubted the integrity of this worthy man. However, he means to ease his mind on this score, by conferring on the injured individual an extra rupee or two after all expenses have been paid. As he forms this resolution, the gentleman in question, with his dear connexion, steps over the ship's side, carrying a huge bundle with just a little corner at the top left carelessly open, so as to display the snowy whiteness of the top layer of jackets and shirts—for, in India, all wear white jackets. Gratiified beyond measure, the bill is speedily settled, and our friend the washerman retires, telegraphing, however, signs of success and triumph behind the victim's back to "him bruder-in-law."

The steamer rapidly distances Madras; and Mr. Cadet, who has been too much occupied surveying the beauties of the receding coast, now that all is blue ocean again, descends to his cabin and sets arduously to work to pack up his clean linen in his bullock trunks. "Really that washerman is a first-rate fellow," he audibly mutters, as he surveys with evident satisfaction the first two satin jean jackets, and maybe a shirt or so in the bundle. But what a change has come over the man, and that so suddenly too! If it were not an impertinence, may we ask whether dire cramps have seized upon you? or maybe it is only a simple attack of indigestion? Nay, nay, it must be something more serious than that; for now he is dancing round the cabin almost like a maniac, as he holds out at arm's length—let me see, what shall we call it—a heap of rags, whose component parts once constituted a shirt. The rest is soon told; for all the remaining bundle consists of similar apparel; only that, in lieu of his much loved socks, our cadet finds, to his amazement, a heterogeneous assortment of all sizes and colours—one brown sock, one blue woollen, half a silk stocking, one lady's ditto, two open net black ditto, and all of them in airy condition about the heels and toes. Alas, poor Yorick! This is your early experience of Indian honesty. Possibly it will take a year's pay before this misfortune can be overcome, unless papa or uncle take compassion on your wretched plight, and send out a remittance. However, if you take my advice, you will keep your own counsel whilst on board; for the whole cuddy table would be set in a roar of merriment if they heard of your disaster.

But to return to our dhobie. Of course he has long since disposed of the poor cadet's effects to the best advantage, and divided the proceeds between himself and "him bruder-in-law;" but ere long he has other fish to fry. Some half dozen

raw cadets have landed from said steamer, Madras being their destination, and these are located in hot quarters in the fort. Here the dhobie finds ample occupation; but he dares not serve these as he has served the other, for they are always on the spot, and the officer in charge of the cadets happens to be aware of Mr. Dhobie's knavery, so he puts all the cadets on their guard, and the result is that the washerman can only smuggle a handkerchief or an odd sock at a time.

Meanwhile, washing for the young gentlemen continues week after week, till in the course of a month or so they discover, to their surprise, that their stock of English linen is being rapidly worn away to a shred, when heavy complaints are sent home against the outfitters, who are set down as so many arrant rogues and knaves. But the fault lies not at their door; it is the washerman who is maltreating your linen, as you would speedily find if you unfortunately chanced to be inside of a jacket undergoing the process of purification in his hands. In the first place, the Madras washerman never uses warm water, and consequently never boils the linen. Then again he is sparing of soap, for soap is an expensive article; consequently, he must resort to some other means for cleansing and whitening the linen. Firewood is cheap in India, and wood-ashes are known to be an excellent purifier. Accordingly the clothes are first allowed to soak in wood-ashes and water for twenty-four hours' time.

The washermen and ironingmen usually live together, in small separate villages, some hours' distant from the town, and situated close to some little stream, where also there may be a good field or two for bleaching purposes. All along the banks of the stream you will discover, placed at intervals, huge blocks of stone with a smooth surface, well worn from continual usage. If those stones could speak, and clothes could give utterance to the truth, they would prove to be the receptacles of the groans of maltreated linen. As the case stands, we have only to watch proceedings. Down, then, come five or six sturdy fellows, with heaps of wet linen in their hands. These they squeeze till the veins in their arms seem fit to burst, and then they immerse them in the stream, which is usually shallow, and has a pebbly bottom. After this, the washermen go through a quiet little dance of their own, beating out the linen with their naked feet, and hissing like so many snakes the while. Finally, the linen is withdrawn, and then the washermen place themselves in martial array, each man in front of a separate block of stone, for they are going to commence action. As they begin, whirl goes the fine linen shirt over the washerman's head; bang it comes down upon the stone; up it goes again, and down it comes a second time with renewed force, till, finally, we may conscientiously assert that the poor shirt has certainly received a dreadful beating. But whilst they are thus annihilating our best English articles of wearing apparel, they actually encourage each other to mischief by a variety of stimulating exclamations; and so, between the wood-ashes and the water, and the dancing and the hard stones, and the beating and the ironingman, they get up your linen white as riven snow, but, alas! in a few weeks, nearly as transparent as glass. Your best white waistcoat

is full of little threads standing out like porcupine quills, and your socks are in an equally incurable condition.

The washerman has a fine time of it in India, for he is always dabbling with cool water and damp linen, when other people are suffering intensely from the heat. Not so the poor ironingman, however. What with the scorching heat of the sun, the charcoal fire, and the irons, he is in a state of perpetual fever and thirst.

Before concluding this brief sketch, we may be permitted to remark that, though great knaves, the washermen, from their calling, sometimes unintentionally render service to a certain unscrupulous class of gentry who wish to appear possessed of what they have no claim to. Thus it is a common excuse, with regard to linen, personal or for the table, to say that the washerman has not brought them home yet; the said washerman being perfectly innocent of having even so much as a rag in his possession. Once, however, a gentleman who indulged in such falsehoods was properly caught in his own net. Having a few friends to dinner, when all the guests were assembled there existed a deficit in the article of napkins. "Where are all the napkins?" asked the host, austere, of his black servant. "Master got no more," bluntly responded that individual. A look black as a thunder cloud was the poor servant's reward, whilst the abashed entertainer endeavoured to explain away the matter as best he could. No sooner, however, had the guests retired, than the poor trembling chokera was summoned, and severely reprimanded. "And mind," concluded the master, (a fine example of truth for a Christian!) "if ever anything of that kind is wanting again, you always say that they are gone to the wash." The servant promised obedience, and to the utter confusion of his master followed his instructions to the letter; for it happened not long afterwards, when more guests were assembled, that this time the host was short of silver spoons. "Where are all the spoons?" demanded he recklessly of blackey. "Oh, if you please, sir," said the boy, "them all gone to the wash." So the Madras washerman might have whispered a startling fact into this gentleman's ears, which he ought to have known well himself; namely, that however trifling a sin may appear, it will, if you do not learn to forsake it, find you out, and shame you, and that too when least expected.

#### MY VISIT TO STOCKHOLM.

It was on a midsummer's night of 1847 that I traversed, for the first time, the beautiful and romantic lake Wettern. In the mystic light of a Swedish midsummer night—a light which is not quite of the day and yet cannot be called night, a poetic, visionary, and most lovely light—I crossed this singularly interesting lake. Calm, solemn, and lovely it lay in that soft, dreamy hour. We had passed the pretty lake Boren and lake Roxen, where a chain of eleven locks is passed, (for lake Wettern is 295 feet above the sea, and the canal connecting them is carried up the face of a hill 70 feet above the waters of Roxen), and here the passengers had all gone away, while the boat was pass-

ing the locks, to visit the old convent church, Wreta Kloster, where lie many of the brave Scots who fought with Gustavus Adolphus in what is called the Protestant or thirty years' war. It was here that, having hurt my foot, I sat alone on the banks in a field, whose rising ground gave me the view I wished. I looked around, and felt nature was very beautiful, and art was very admirable. The locks are divided into sections, which appeared to me, at that distance, to form one continuous dark staircase, at the top of which stood the little steam-boat, as if looking down at the fair, gentle lake, gemmed with islets, that lay beneath, smiling in the rays of the setting sun. In a meadow beside me the midsummer pole was decorated with wild flowers. Midsummer's eve is, I was going to say, the May-day of Sweden; but it is celebrated just as May-day used to be in England. And then night came on—the still and beautiful night of the north. I sat alone on the deck of the packet as we crossed lake Wettern, and felt the influence of the solemn and majestic scene. Deep thanks be to the great Author and Giver of all good, who, whatever has been taken from me, has left me the capacity to feel and to enjoy his works of nature.

Thus I felt and thus I enjoyed when I came on the Göta canal some years ago; and this simply because the weather was bright and shiny, it being midsummer, when the Swedes were not flocking to Stockholm, and there was room to move and place to sleep in our little packet. On my second visit, however, all was changed: rain, mist, and gloom enveloped the scenery; and all the world of Sweden appeared to be flocking to the capital, and there was hardly room to sit or stand, much less to lie, in the over-crowded boat. I could see no beauty, I could feel no loveliness anywhere. The hatches were closed to pass the stormy lake Wettern; the anxious, worried captain ran about in his drenched tarpaulin dress, tormented by the appeals of the weary passengers who had not been fortunate enough to obtain a hut; that is, a snug little chamber, where, with occupation, one may manage to spend three days and a half very well. I had no hut, and I could therefore have no occupation. The rain poured down on the deck, and there was no shelter. Altogether, the scene was a most disconsolate one, and if I had never seen these scenes before, if I had never made this journey in bright midsummer times, oh, what an account I should have given of it! Therefore will I learn from this not to describe places or persons merely from my own sensations of personal discomfort: the beauty may be there, though I see it not.

And then, at that delightful midsummer season, we entered lake Mälär—beautiful lake Mälär! Many a time have I gone over it since, and with ever new delight! Then, in the glorious evening sun, the waters lay clear as crystal and sparkling as glass; the woody islets were all mirrored beneath them, and on their surface these islets looked like dark gems in a diamond setting. There are 114 of these islands in a distance of 75 miles; the banks, contracting at times, bring close to your view their luxuriant verdure, their dark firs opening to disclose a pretty red wooden house among green fields; there are then, nearer the capital, nice villas, or handsome houses. Then Stockholm, the Venice of the north, appears at a distance,

seated on her seven islands instead of seven hills, partly elevated on a high rocky site, and partly lying flat on the water's edge. Trees, hills, rocks, islands, and a singular variety of coloured houses, render her quite unlike beautiful Venice. The gun rings sharply out; we land in the bright warm sunshine, with hearts full of satisfaction. The many-windowed houses are flashing in light; the whole town seems in a blaze of glory, and, rising from the wooded lake at one side, and the Baltic sea at the other, presents an aspect of beauty and splendour.

The first sight I went to see in Stockholm, during my last visit, was the parliament; for, as its assemblies are only held every third year, and as the day of its breaking up was at hand, I was desirous not to lose the opportunity. The Swedish parliament consists of four houses: the nobles; the burghers or townspeople; the clergy; and the peasants or farmers. Each of these have their separate house or chamber; and it is singular that this ancient mode of representation excludes the class so influential among ourselves, that is, what we call the landed gentry—those who are not noble, but who are above the peasant class. Here, if a peasant-farmer raise himself above his class, he loses his right of representation. A middle class in Sweden has hitherto scarcely had an existence; but it is increasing, and calls loudly for an improvement in the mode of representation. The burghers represent trade and commerce, and must be elected by and from the class they represent. The clergy, of course, only represent their church and its affairs. It is a grievous defect in this antiquated form, that all civil officers, lawyers (a strongly numerous class), doctors, and military or naval men—if not nobles or owners of iron foundries (the last of which have their own representatives)—are disqualified from serving in parliament, and are not represented by its members. The nobles are a singularly numerous body. Like our peers, the head of each noble family has a seat in the *ridarhus*, or house of knights; but there is a wonderful degree of apathy in Sweden concerning political and public affairs, unless individual concerns be connected with them. Comparatively few of the noble members occupy their seats; although so much latitude is allowed as that of permitting the eldest son, or nearest relative, on reaching the age of twenty-five years—under which representatives are not admitted—to supply the place of the head of his family, in case that head be unwilling or unable to take it himself.

There was no difficulty in entering the Swedish houses of parliament; no "member's ticket" is requisite here. I had fled from England at the time when an ecclesiastical question was making such fearful commotion; I entered the house of lords at Stockholm when a "Roman Catholic question" was under discussion. The point discussed was, whether a law ordaining that a Swedish subject entering the Roman Catholic chapel where their queen attended should be fined five *rix dalers* (five shillings), ought to be abrogated or not. Some said it ought to be repealed, because it was never enforced; others insisted that *because* it was never enforced, it ought *not* to be abrogated. The Nays carried the question, and the law remained, and so did its violation; for, although I



was not subject to it, the effect of the question was to send me to the Roman Catholic chapel, as discussion usually does, to see why it had been raised, and, without entering it, I could see the reason. The lower part of the church was filled by Swedish, and consequently, since they are not permitted to be anything else, with Protestant Lutheran, spectators, some of them clergymen in their bands, (which are worn by them at all times in Stockholm,) who seemed not to consider themselves out of their place in listening to the eloquent preacher; yet that preacher was soon afterwards placed on his trial on a charge of trying to make converts: he was the queen's chaplain, and the newspapers expressly stated that he was not obliged to remain *in prison* during his trial. He was acquitted of the charge; but not one of those persons who from curiosity thronged to hear him were fined for doing so, though the law said they should be.

With the exception of the house of nobles, which is hereditary, the Swedish parliament is dissolved after each sitting, and re-elected every third year. The day on which it was to be dismissed by the king fortunately proved to be one of the few bright ones we had during that rainy season. At ten o'clock the royal heralds, in their quaint state dresses and enormous yellow and blue and white plumed caps, proclaimed in each square the termination of the session. We hurried to the palace to get a sight of the royal procession going to church; for it is one good feature in the Swedish government, that religion is outwardly recognised in all its ceremonials. The king must always take part in the religious services which attend them, and has to listen to a very long sermon generally on such occasions. We waited a long time near the foot of the palace stairs; and after more delay and bustle than perhaps queen Victoria might have caused, all we could see of the kingly personage was a tall plume of yellow feathers, which nodded down the stairs, and under a canopy something like that which covers the papal head on state occasions, and which was also adorned with very tall plumes.

The king walked away slowly under the canopy. Now, to see a feather only, when one wants to see a king, is a sad disappointment. The good Swedes are the most constant and steady gazers on royalty I ever beheld. I believe, if king Oscar were to sit on his palace top one whole day, the people would stand moveless and silent below, and gaze upon him. He is, however, really beloved. An English gentleman, riding in the park the other day, told me he was stopped by a labourer, who said to him: "Pardon me, dear and noble sir; but tell me, is that our Oscar?" He pointed to an officer who had just passed.

As native zeal, crowding round him, would not allow me a sight of "our Oscar," I hastened to meet a Swede who had got me a ticket of admission to the riks sal, or chamber of the states, where the king was to receive the addresses of the presidents of each house, and to deliver a parting speech in return. That great hall was speedily filled; the graceful queen—the grand-daughter of the beautiful Josephine—and her amiable daughter, entered the gallery: they were both closely enveloped in plain white shawls, without bonnets; and

the young princess wore a white wreath round her dark hair. The little old queen dowager, the still lively widow of the renowned Bernadotte, in her unchangeable white bonnet and feathers, came in also; and all, bowing, smiling, and looking so glad to see the people again, took conspicuous seats. Then three of the young princes came out: the other, prince Oscar, the third in age, and who is in the royal navy, being absent with the fleet. (At a later period this pleasing young prince said to me that "the queen of England was very good against him.") The three princes present were the crown prince Carl, prince Gustaf (since dead), and prince August. The latter was called Nicholas, after the emperor of Russia; but such is the dread and national antipathy of Sweden to that country, that his second name has been substituted to please the people. The young princes wore robes of state, and crowns on their heads. Last of all came in the king—the good, amiable, and much-beloved king Oscar—as different a man from his father as can well be imagined. A man of the most pacific and gentle disposition can sometimes be the son of a warrior. He sat on the chair of state, with the young princes on each side, a little behind it; all the crowns and flowing robes looking just like the kings and queens in picture-books. And the president of each house—the nobleman with some glittering orders, and the burgher with a broad green ribbon over a very broad shoulder, and the clergyman in his black robe, and the plain peasant in his best holiday coat—all came in succession, and read their addresses before him. And then every one, princes and all, rose up, the king alone keeping his seat, and he read his speech, and told his parliament what it had done, and thanked it, and bade it good-bye. And after this fashion the parliament of Sweden was dismissed.

And very fine and elegant did the splendid crown prince of Sweden, and his more delicate and intellectual looking brother, prince Gustaf, appear, as they stood there in their stately robes and curious crowns. There can scarcely be seen a handsomer young man than the crown prince of Sweden: his appearance—in which the animal nature rather preponderates—as well as his disposition, mind, and character, strongly contrasts with that of his next brother, the really lovely prince Gustaf, whose refined tastes, in literature and the arts, would appear to designate him a true-born artist as well as royal prince; while the overflowing vigour, strength, and vivacity of the elder brother may better adapt him to the part he may yet be called to act in the history and service of his country.

Prince Oscar, the young seaman of Sweden—who lately visited England, was entertained by our queen, and was full of admiration of our great seaports and dockyards—is considered the most practical genius of his family. The youngest prince is still a student at the university of Upsala, and the sweet princess Eugenie closes as amiable and happy a family as is usually met with.

A very old lady—who was maid of honour to the widowed queen of Gustavus III, after that singular monarch was shot in the opera house he had built in Stockholm—told me an anecdote of the two

elder princes of Sweden, which seems to illustrate their respective dispositions, in childhood at least, if not in manhood. Prince Carl and prince Gustaf, she told me, were, when little boys, amusing themselves in the room with king Oscar, their ever-indulgent father. The king cautioned them to beware of injuring a pair of handsome vases, which the riotous Carl showed a propensity to demolish. "Whoever breaks those vases," said his majesty, "shall be put under arrest." On went the frolicsome prince, and down came a vase. Carl was marched off under arrest, and locked up in the prison-chamber of the palace. Soon afterwards came the gentle Gustaf, lamenting, to its door. "Carl, my brother," he said through the key-hole, "what can I do for you? Shall I beg papa to pardon you, or to let me come in and stay with you?" "There is no use in doing either, Gustaf," said the elder brother. "Papa has ordered me into arrest for the day. But do you really wish to come in here and bear me company, my good Gustaf?" "Yes, brother, yes; tell me what I can do to get in." "Run quickly, and break the other vase," whispered Carl through the key-hole.\*

The queen was once a beautiful and is still a most pleasing lady; the daughter of Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, the comrade in arms of Bernadotte, she was betrothed to his only child, then crown prince of Sweden, at the age of sixteen, and married at nineteen. She is considered in Sweden even rigorously devout, but she never interferes with the liberties of others. Bernadotte, it is well known, became nominally a Protestant, for the throne of Sweden; but the old queen, his wife, retained her religion.

The marriage of the present crown prince, however, with a Protestant princess of Holland, gave much satisfaction to the country. The crown princess Louise was brought up as a Calvinist; but has now been received, at the wish of her husband, into the Lutheran church. They are a happy young couple, and seem admirably matched. The Swedes are a very loyal people, and dearly love a sight of royalty. At the present crisis, however, their sentiments on political subjects are at variance with those of their monarch. Oscar is believed to be a warm friend of the czar of Russia; while the people strongly dislike him, as the spoiler of their beloved Finland provinces. Sir Charles Napier, as we learn from the newspapers, lately landed at Stockholm, and had an interview with the king relative to the stirring events which are now transpiring on the shores of the Baltic.

### Varieties.

**CHRISTIANS ARE SO GLOOMY.**—Why should they be so, dear reader? Do you see anything about religion to make them so? I cannot. You may find them serious, but never melancholy. Sometimes they are troubled about what I fear gives you little concern—the burden of their sins; but they are more happy than the men of the world. Do you never feel out of heart, low in spirits, desponding, gloomy? Does death never appear to stare you in the face, while the solemn truth presses upon your conscience that you are unprepared to die? Are you always at ease, and feeling no alarm when you think of judgment and

eternity? If you are, your case is desperate, the spirit quenched, your soul ruined, and you given over to a reprobate mind. These solemn facts do not terrify the true Christian, they may make him more circumspect, more cautious, his joy less boisterous, his conversation more grave; but could you read his heart you would find serenity there. Over his soul the peace which passes all understanding sheds its hallowed influences. He rejoices daily in Christ his Saviour, and feels his affections often raised from the things of time and centred on that blissful home which awaits him beyond the skies. Consider, too, the pleasure of doing good—how sweet it is to be employed in the service of Christ—even to sacrifice ease and comfort for so blessed a Master. The world's enjoyments soon weary and satiate. A heavy head and a feverish frame are often the result of what men call pleasure. Perhaps some Christian friend has been serious and earnest with you about your salvation, and this you miscall gloom. He could not trifle with you, and seeing your peril, his whole spirit has burned with ardent zeal to bring you to Christ. He was gloomy, not about himself but you. Perhaps you have long resisted such entreaties. Do not say religion is a melancholy matter until you have tried it for yourself. Do so, I beseech you, and you will alter your position. Then alone will you discover the source of true happiness when you become a true Christian.—*American Paper.*

**ONE DROP AT A TIME.**—"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure; we have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but as constantly wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, the quantity is very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our mortal, transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession!"

**A POOR MAN'S WISH.**—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care for nothing more."

I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money!"

I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread!"

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink. I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words "wealth, fame, and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian: he replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire these three things:—first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ." I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.

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\* The sequel does not appear; but we trust the young prince did not grant his sympathy at the expense of such an act of disobedience.